





## THE SACRED ROOSTERS.

The island of Vangho Lo is not down on any map that I have seen in recent years. It is on any map it must be a very old one. This, however, is a matter of trifling importance. If the geographers have missed Vangho Lo, then it is so much the worse for them.

The wreck of the Imp rudely ended my first and last pleasure voyage. The Imp was as trim a yacht as ever danced on the sparkling billows of a summer sea. After cruising about in the south Pacific for several months in all sorts of craft, I considered it a piece of extraordinary good luck, when Capt. Dalton invited me to sail with him as his guest and fellow traveler.

With the crew and all there were eight of us, all Englishmen, with the exception of myself. Dalton was a man of wealth whose chief pastime was yachting. Some of the young fellows with him were the spoiled darlings of fortune, and the love of adventure had induced them to try a six months' sail on the Imp.

It must have been about midnight when the vessel struck. A tremendous hole was made in her bottom, and she began filling rapidly. We let down two boats in a hurry, and, jumping in, made for the beach, which was clearly visible in the bright moonlight. Our little cork life boats spun around in the surf like so many chips. Powerless and breathless, we were turned over and over in the foam crested waves.

A great surge threw me high up on the beach, and it was several minutes before I was able to pick myself up.

"Are you all right, old fellow?"

The speaker was Dalton. I rubbed my eyes and saw five dark forms moving about.

"Only two missing, Bradley and Gibbs," said Dalton. "It might have been worse, you know. We're in big luck."

I thought so, too, and asked the captain if he had any knowledge of the locality.

"It must be Vangho Lo," he said thoughtfully. "If it is not, then I cannot tell where we are."

One of the men had a box of matches in his pocket, and after we had built a good fire and were beginning to feel more comfortable, Dalton told us all he knew about our surroundings. The island of Vangho Lo had been discovered centuries before, but no civilized government had ever claimed it. Although of considerable size, containing hundreds of square miles, it produced nothing of any commercial value, and was a veritable land of sun and fire, inhabited by savages of a very uncertain disposition. Ships never touched there when they could avoid it. About fifty years before a colony of English sailors, who had mutinied and killed their captain, attempted to live there, but after a desultory warfare of several years the natives had killed them out.

"They may kill us," remarked Dalton cheerfully, "but then we would have been drowned if we hadn't been thrown up here. Besides, we have a chance. Doubtless the savages learned something of our language from their old enemies, the mutineers. They may have become a more peaceable race. At the worst they will probably hold us as prisoners and some day signal a passing ship and demand a ransom for us."

How much longer the captain would have talked in this strain, it is impossible to conjecture, but at this point one of the men suddenly leaped to his feet.

"Onch!" he exclaimed, as he executed a war dance on the sand.

"What did you remark?" inquired Dalton with a stern look at the offender.

"Onch!" repeated the man, as he rubbed his head.

"See here, Barlow," said the captain, "I hope you are not crazy. We'd have to tie you if you are. What is the matter with you?"

"The rooster!" mumbled Barlow.

"What did you say?" inquired Dalton, looking pityingly at the fellow. Undoubtedly his shipwreck had turned his brain.

"I was listening to the captain," explained Barlow, "when a sharp weapon like a spear was thrust into my head, and when I jumped up and turned around I saw a big rooster six feet high hopping over the edge of rock yonder. If you don't believe me, where did this blood come from?"

We drew him up to the fire. His head was bloody and there was a deep laceration in it, apparently made by a pointed instrument. But the wild story about the rooster?

Shaking our heads incredulously we laid Barlow down and advised him to remain as quiet as possible.

Had a savage assailant slipped up and attacked our companion from the rear? We could think of no other explanation.

Davient enabled us to obtain a better idea of our situation. Our wounded man was severely hurt, but fortunately he was not disabled. Back of the beach the ground rose in precipitate and rocky slopes, thickly wooded in places with trees and shrubs unlike any that we had ever seen. The Imp had gone to pieces in the night, and the shore was covered with fragments of wreckage. The first thing to do was to recover what we could, and we went to work with a will. In the course of a couple of hours we picked up and fished from the water quite a lot of miscellaneous stores. When we examined our plunder we found several barrels of sea biscuits, boxes of canned goods and other provisions, a cask of brandy, a tool chest, various articles of clothing and some ammunition. This last we were very glad to see, as three of us had our pistols with us.

In the rocky slope back of us there was a small cave, well sheltered and quite dry. Into this nook we rolled our stores to protect them from the weather. By this time two of the men who had been out scouting returned with their report.

According to our scouts the island was a wondrous land. There were mountains, numerous fertile valleys, lakes, springs, and an abundance of vegetation. Game of all kinds was to be seen, but no savages. If the island was inhabited the men were confident that the people lived on the other side of a range of mountains a few miles distant from our cave on the beach.

What we heard made us very thoughtful. No more scouts were sent out that day, and we put in our time building a breastwork of large rocks in front of the

cave. We also made a cask with spring water and rolled it in to keep for an emergency. Our defensive preparations did not amount to much, but we wanted to make something of a fight if an enemy came upon us.

Each man made a resolution to sleep that night with one eye wide open, and a sentinel was posted just inside the breastwork, with instructions to fire off his pistol if anything suspicious occurred. Just what happened to me was the experience of all. A dull drowsiness settled over me. My head seemed ready to burst, and yet I could not move. Finally my senses were steeped in complete oblivion.

When the morning sun streamed in upon us, and I opened my eyes, I found myself bound hand and foot. My companions were all in the same fix. Our sentinel I could not see, and therefore I could not tell whether he was a prisoner or not. The cave and the space inside our little fortress seemed a moving mass of savages. They were hideous looking wretches, almost as black as Africans. They were armed with spears and clubs. Some of them wore fragments of European garments, probably picked up from the occasional wrecks on that dangerous coast. They were all jabbering to each other, and too busy overhauling our stores to pay the slightest attention to us.

"How did it happen?" I whispered to Dalton, who was stretched by my side.

"I cannot tell," he answered. "I feel strangely. These devils must have stupefied us in some way. Otherwise they could not have trapped us all without waking us."

Our conversation attracted the notice of the leader of our captors, and he came up to us.

"Howdy, white man," he said to Dalton, and then turning to me he repeated the salutation.

"Unfais," I pleaded.

"No," replied the savage. He looked at us very earnestly and then shook his head.

The old rascal was short and fat, of a well done ginger cake color, and his malicious black eyes snapped restlessly as he watched us. His attire consisted of a red silk sash and a pair of boots. His breast was elaborately tattooed, and his face exhibited similar traces of artistic handicraft.

Dalton and I, after a whispered consultation, agreed to be patient and cheerful, hoping thereby to secure better terms. The savages ransacked the cave, they poked each other with the biscuits, evidently not knowing their edible qualities. They sniffed at the brandy cask and smacked their lips. They rummaged our pockets and took away our pistols and knives.

At last the crowd withdrew and held a pow wow on the beach. Their head man talked to them, and finally several stout men returned to us and carried four of our party off.

"Had sign," muttered Dalton, "that means that we are to be killed, or that the others will die. I can't tell which."

Just then the head man came up to us. Slipping his breast, he said:

"Me Kybela. Me king. You live with me."

Seeing that he spoke English so well, we asked about our fellow prisoners.

His reply horrified us. As well as we could understand it our companions had been taken off to be sacrificed. A volcano in the center of the island had been rumbling and belching out fire and smoke at intervals for some time past, and his majesty, King Kybela, had decided to make terms with the angry spirit in the bowels of the earth by pitching a few white men into the crater. He paid no heed to our protests, and as we never saw the four men again, there is little doubt that they met the terrible doom marked out for them. His majesty seemed to be surprised that we took it so hard. He patted us on our heads, and said:

"King Kybela no hurt you. You safe. You live with me. I believe us. If our lives were to be spared there was still hope. The next day his majesty set us to work. We found that our lives had been spared because King Kybela wanted somebody to guard and take care of the sacred roosters of Vangho Lo.

"Hanged if this can be real!" said Dalton to me. "Am I a lunatic? Am I dreaming? It is nonsense to say that such things can be real."

"It was all painfully real to me. We had been carried over the mountains to the quiet valley where his majesty Kybela lived in a bamboo shanty, surrounded by similar edifices. We had been freed from our bonds, and a dozen natives armed with spears had introduced us to the sacred roosters and explained our duties.

There were seven roosters, and the number we saw them we thought of poor Barlow and knew that he had told us the truth. These remarkable birds were six feet high. They were built on the Shanghai order and were ferocious and repulsive in appearance. Their eyes resembled balls of red fire. Their bills were fully two feet long and their spurs were about nine inches. Their feathers, although only every day, were rough and shaggy, and their wings were too closely clipped to look well. The muscular legs of these creatures—large nearly as large as a man's—showed that they were possessed of enormous strength and endurance.

Our guards told us that the sacred roosters lived forever, when they were properly cared for. When one died it was the custom of King Kybela to order the keepers to be killed, and there had been of late such an unprecedented mortality among both roosters and keepers that his majesty had been unable to find members of his tribe who would accept this important trust. Matters had approached an open revolt when our capture occurred.

"We must do our duty by the sacred roosters of Vangho Lo," said Dalton. "Remember that while they live we are safe."

Knowing how much depended upon it, we immediately set to work to make ourselves solid with the roosters. We were separated from them by a bamboo picket fence, and were in no danger, except once a day when we went into the enclosure to oil their feathers. At such times one of us would do the oiling with a long mop, while the other stood off with a long whip, which he beat furiously when one of the birds showed a disposition to make a charge.

In the course of a few days we got things reduced to a system. One of the roosters entangled a spur in my garments and dragged me around the yard one morning, and another snatched off Dalton's cap and swallowed it, but with the exception of these trifling accidents everything moved along serenely.

The horrible novelty of our position seemed to worry Dalton. Every night he would talk about it.

"It is awful," he said. "These roosters are bad enough. Who would have believed that such monsters existed? And then everything else is on such a distorted scale. The clouds here get tangled up in a fellow's hair and whiskers. The sun is always shining through a red haze. Some of the trees are cannibalistic. If a man goes to sleep under one of the branches droop down and close on him and drain his life blood. Nearly all the vegetables grow without any roots. They are pulpy balls rolling on the ground, without any stem or stalk, or anything. Snatched off Dalton's cap and swallowed it, but with the exception of these trifling accidents everything moved along serenely."

I felt as badly about it as any one could, but still I counseled patience.

One day everything was in commotion in his majesty's shanty, and in the village of bamboo huts around it. The king harangued his warriors and they beat their gongs and brandished their spears.

Every now and then they ran out to the pen where we were guarding the sacred roosters.

"Something is up," suggested Dalton. Finally King Kybela came to us and said that we must at once march with our birds under a strong escort to the temple of Kama, where we would be stationed in future.

It was useless to object, and in an hour we were on our way. We had to march in single file through a narrow path over the mountains. A guide led the procession. Then I headed the roosters, and Dalton brought up the rear followed by about a dozen able bodied natives armed with clubs. This order was adopted because the birds, as he became accustomed to their keepers, and were easily controlled by us. The natives did not dare go near them.

At one place a gap in the mountains gave us a glimpse of the sea. I looked down and my heart gave a great jump. Scarcely three miles below in a little cove I saw a vessel anchored close to the shore! What was to be done? I signaled Dalton, and he glanced through the gap and understood the situation. We were being transferred to another point to prevent our discovery by the strangers.

During the next half mile I exchanged a few words with Dalton, meaningless words to the natives, but full of import to me. I understood his cue.

We were in a narrow pathway on the edge of a precipice, with a steep wall of granite towering above us on the other side. Suddenly Dalton turned the hindmost rooster about, so as to face the posse of savages. Then he darted forward to the head of the procession by my side, and hurried the guide down into the abyss below. I heard my usual signal on the gong, and all of the sacred roosters turned to the right about.

When the savages saw these feathered monsters bearing down upon them they gave utterance to shrieks of rage and terror.

Dalton and I paused a moment and looked back. The foremost rooster carried upon the leader of the natives, and at one fell swoop drove his long sharp beak through one of the man's eyes and into his brain.

"Run for it!" cried Dalton. We made a break forward and ran for our lives. We knew that the roosters would never turn in their tracks without our signal on the gong, and they would dispute that narrow pathway with our pursuers until extermination befell one or the other side. We knew, too, that the natives held these great birds in awe and would fly before them like frightened sheep.

On and on my friend and I sped down the jagged path. Would it never end? Would we never reach a gentle leading to the sea?

Eureka! At last we saw it. On our right was a gap showing a gentle slope stretching to the water.

Three miles yet. We nerved ourselves to the utmost and ran like lightning. There were no signs of pursuit, and the cries of our enemies had died away.

Still bounding onward, out of breath and with bleeding feet, we literally flew.

When we threw ourselves, panting, on the sand by the boat, which was just about putting out for the ship, we were too exhausted to speak. The excited sailors instantly divined that we were pursued by foes, and dragging us in they bent to their oars and did not let up until they had helped us to the deck of the vessel.

It was an American merchant ship carrying one gun. When the captain heard a little of our story he pointed the cannon at the island and fired a blank charge that waked the echoes among the mountains.

"Vangho Lo is no place for us," he said, and with that the craft weighed anchor and glided out into the broad blue ocean.

I hope the sacred roosters of Vangho Lo are alive and flourishing. They saved my life, and I am not likely to forget it. —Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

**Murderers on the Scaffold.**

I was on duty in the jail for six years, and during that time met a great many criminals and murderers; the latter were always a pleasant study to me, particularly the negroes. They are all alike. Until decision of the case in the trial court there is no change in their manners or morals, but when they are once convicted they become intensely superstitious and deeply religious. It does not matter whether they get a new trial or the case goes to a higher court, or what happens; once convicted they are changed. They devote all their time to a study of the Bible and soap suds and the usual profane or vulgar language, and if you see it in their presence they will correct you, and say that you ought not to do it. They are easily worked on by priests, and become so imbued with the doctrine of the mercy and forgiveness of Christ that they do not look upon death with fear. In fact, I believe that by the day of execution they want to die. They firmly believe that just as soon as the breath leaves their bodies they will go at once to an eternal life, far happier than the one they are leaving, and the sooner they die the sooner they will enjoy the pleasures of

## INSPECTOR BYRNES.

## THE CHIEF OF NEW YORK'S DETECTIVE BUREAU.

Something About His Work as a Taker of Criminals—The Rogues' Gallery of the Metropolis—Byrnes' Tact in Times of Emergency.

No stranger visiting the city of New York considers that he has thoroughly "done the town" until he has paid a visit to police headquarters, 300 Mulberry street. What most interests the visitor there is the detective bureau, which is under the immediate personal supervision of Inspector Thomas Byrnes.

Thomas Byrnes first saw the light in the Fifth ward of New York city, June 15, 1842. He was at an early age apprenticed to a gas-fitter, and after getting "out of his time" continued to work at his trade until Dec. 10, 1863, when he was appointed a patrolman of the Metropolitan police, and was assigned to duty in the Fifteenth precinct. He did duty in the Fifteenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-third for twelve years, at the end of which time he had risen through the various grades to the captaincy of the Fifteenth precinct. He was appointed chief of the detective bureau March 12, 1880, and at once proceeded to revolutionize things in that department. The result has been good, and the bureau has risen from very low grade to a position that is admitted to be very near the top.

Inspector Byrnes is a man of pleasing address and suave manners. He weighs about 185 pounds. He has a keen, piercing eye, and is an excellent judge of human nature. He has surrounded himself with a body of remarkably able detectives. During the six years of Byrnes' inspectorship not a single robbery, by a professional thief, has occurred in the neighborhood of Wall street. This is due to the branch office which he established in that street immediately after his appointment to his present position. This branch office is connected by wire with every banking house and the different exchanges in the lower part of the city. The rogues know this, and fight shy of the locality.

Perhaps the most important single factor in the identification and apprehension of criminals is the Rogues' Gallery, which contains portraits of every criminal of note in this country and Canada. Most persons who go to see the "Rogues' Gallery" are surprised, and even disappointed when they are shown a complete cabinet, occupying very little space. But it contains 2,000 photographs. Inspector Byrnes at once saw that the former indiscriminate manner of hanging photographs, criminal records, clippings, etc., rendered well valued space should be one of the most important aids to the service. He, therefore, at once set about devising an arrangement for systematically filing all obtainable criminal data, and he has succeeded as well as that any man's record, portrait, sentence, etc., can now be found within a minute's time. This department is in charge of Detective Sergeant Thomas F. Adams, who is the inventor of the Rogues' Gallery cabinet and index. As soon as a man is arrested he is taken to be photographed. The instantaneous process is used, and while he is being coated to sit quietly—click—his portrait is taken. In the olden times it was sometimes hard to get a criminal to remain "quiet long enough to be taken."



INSPECTOR BYRNES.

Inspector Byrnes is a man of pleasing address and suave manners. He weighs about 185 pounds. He has a keen, piercing eye, and is an excellent judge of human nature. He has surrounded himself with a body of remarkably able detectives. During the six years of Byrnes' inspectorship not a single robbery, by a professional thief, has occurred in the neighborhood of Wall street. This is due to the branch office which he established in that street immediately after his appointment to his present position. This branch office is connected by wire with every banking house and the different exchanges in the lower part of the city. The rogues know this, and fight shy of the locality.

Perhaps the most important single factor in the identification and apprehension of criminals is the Rogues' Gallery, which contains portraits of every criminal of note in this country and Canada. Most persons who go to see the "Rogues' Gallery" are surprised, and even disappointed when they are shown a complete cabinet, occupying very little space. But it contains 2,000 photographs. Inspector Byrnes at once saw that the former indiscriminate manner of hanging photographs, criminal records, clippings, etc., rendered well valued space should be one of the most important aids to the service. He, therefore, at once set about devising an arrangement for systematically filing all obtainable criminal data, and he has succeeded as well as that any man's record, portrait, sentence, etc., can now be found within a minute's time. This department is in charge of Detective Sergeant Thomas F. Adams, who is the inventor of the Rogues' Gallery cabinet and index. As soon as a man is arrested he is taken to be photographed. The instantaneous process is used, and while he is being coated to sit quietly—click—his portrait is taken. In the olden times it was sometimes hard to get a criminal to remain "quiet long enough to be taken."

Exhausted Muscular Power.

Dr. Perret has published some curious instances of exhausted muscular power. Of course the writer is not a case in point; but there are "muscular movements" other than writing which exhaust the powers of those who are not used to them.

Violinists lose the power of moving the strings with their left hand, and some of the best players of that "making music" with their left thumb, complain of not having power over the stick, which no longer new, and even violinists who last no longer use the hammer. These gentlemen suggested that in case of the disastrous state of things, violinists should have a second chance to play upon when the first goes wrong.

The Bull's-Eye of the Nation.

Many epigrammatic things have been said of the capital of the nation, and statesmen who have been in the city have been sent there by their constituents. Congressmen Tim Campbell and John A. Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio, why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.

Present Pages; Future Sentences.

"You can hardly call it treason," said Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, "but it makes one think very much when he sees the grandchildren of former slaves serving in their juvenile days as pages of who are the kin of such men as Lincoln, Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio. Why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.

Present Pages; Future Sentences.

"You can hardly call it treason," said Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, "but it makes one think very much when he sees the grandchildren of former slaves serving in their juvenile days as pages of who are the kin of such men as Lincoln, Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio. Why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.

Present Pages; Future Sentences.

"You can hardly call it treason," said Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, "but it makes one think very much when he sees the grandchildren of former slaves serving in their juvenile days as pages of who are the kin of such men as Lincoln, Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio. Why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.

Present Pages; Future Sentences.

"You can hardly call it treason," said Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, "but it makes one think very much when he sees the grandchildren of former slaves serving in their juvenile days as pages of who are the kin of such men as Lincoln, Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio. Why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.

Present Pages; Future Sentences.

"You can hardly call it treason," said Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, "but it makes one think very much when he sees the grandchildren of former slaves serving in their juvenile days as pages of who are the kin of such men as Lincoln, Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio. Why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.

Present Pages; Future Sentences.

"You can hardly call it treason," said Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, "but it makes one think very much when he sees the grandchildren of former slaves serving in their juvenile days as pages of who are the kin of such men as Lincoln, Johnson, of Maryland, and Thomas Johnson, of Ohio. Why shouldn't they, come to the senate. Senator Johnson, who says the same work that a young man Johnson are doing to-day. Then there are two of the most prominent members of the house in their younger days were in that body—Mr. Scott of Ohio and Mr. Townsend of Illinois. I am told that this day Mr. Scott remembers the rules governing the house of representatives, which is an ordinary thing. I assure you,"—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

Lucky Baldwin thinks his 3-year-old Goliath will be one of the good ones next year. Horace Brown says he expects to see Belle Hamlin trot in 2:10 before the year 1887.





## WHITEHEAD MUNICIPALITY.

Council met at Alexander, Saturday, Feb. 26th.

Present, Kerr in chair; councillors, Speers, Husband, Cheasley, Peacock, Elliott and Creighton.

Minutes of previous meeting read and confirmed.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

From Miss Amy Browning re taxes.—Filed.

From Winnipeg Hospital re grant.—Filed.

From R. J. Stewart re road sec. 20-9-22.

From D. W. Shaw re timber.—Filed.

From John T. Hennege re special school tax.

From Municipal Commissioner re opening of road between counties of Dennis and Brandon.

From D. H. Harrison re losses of settlers by prairie fires.—Filed.

From municipal commissioner re statement of indebtedness.

From F. C. Patterson re cyclodyle.—Filed.

From city of Brandon re municipal influence for railroads.

## MOTIONS.

Speers—Elliott—That the secretary and C. W. Speers act as a commission to purchase right of way to bridge over slough on sec. 20-9-22.—Carried.

Peacock—Husband—That the sec. treas. draw on the municipality of Glenwood for \$75, amount of grant re bridge sec. 20-9-22.—Carried.

Cheasley—Peacock—That the sec. treas. purchase four municipal manuals for use of council.—Carried.

Cheasley—Peacock—That the special school tax of \$3.36 on sec. 21-10-21 be cancelled the owner John T. Hennege, being a Roman Catholic.—Carried.

Speers—Cheasley—That in the case of R. H. Johnstone re S.E. 35-10-21, having paid taxes in full on original schedule, the amount of \$5.37 be cancelled, being an error in assessment.—Carried.

Speers—Elliott—That a by-law be prepared giving this 9¢ to 10¢ in 1911 and 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 3702, 3703, 3704, 3705, 3706, 3707, 3708, 3709, 3710, 3711, 3712, 3713, 3714, 3715, 3716, 3717, 3718, 3719, 3720, 3721, 3722, 3723, 3724, 3725, 3726, 3727, 3728, 3729, 3730, 3731, 3732, 3733, 3734, 3735, 3736, 3737, 3738, 3739, 3740, 3741, 3742, 3743, 3744, 3745, 3746, 3747, 3748, 3749, 3750, 3751, 3752, 3753, 3754, 3755, 3756, 3757, 3758, 3759, 3760, 3761, 3762, 3763, 3764, 3765, 3766, 3767, 3768, 3769, 3770, 3771, 3772, 3773, 3774, 3775, 3776, 3777, 3778, 3779, 3780, 3781, 3782, 3783, 3784, 3785, 3786, 3787, 3788, 3789, 3790, 3791, 3792, 3793, 3794, 3795, 3796, 3797, 3798, 3799, 3800, 3801, 3802, 3803, 3804, 3805, 3806, 3807, 3808, 3809, 3810, 3811, 3812, 3813, 3814, 3815, 3816, 3817, 3818, 3819, 3820, 3821, 3822, 3823, 3824, 3825, 3















# BANKRUPT STOCK!

!! STILL THEY COME !!

Another Large Stock of

**NEW & FASHIONABLE GOODS.**

**Twenty-Five Cases of  
STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,**

TO SORT UP OUR

**Mammoth Bankrupt Stock**

And all to be Sold at the same rate as Bankrupt Goods.

100 Pieces of New French Dress Materials,

50 Pieces of Black and Gold Cashmere,

150 Pieces of English Washing Print, 12 yards for a Dollar, worth 15 cents a yard,

200 Pieces of Assorted Fast-colored Gingham, from 6 to 12½ cents.

**Ten Bales of Factory Cotton,**

Bleached Sheetting and Pillow Cotton at Factory Prices.

100 Dozen Pair of Assorted Cashmere and Cotton Hose,

A full Range of Hemp, Tapestry and

**Brussels Carpets.**

Oil Cloth, English Linoleum and House Furnishings of all descriptions.

**In Gents' Furnishings, and**

**Ready-Made Clothing,**

We still Lead the Van for Quality, Style and Price.

We opened up this week 7 Cases of Spring Hats, and 6 Cases of Boys' Clothing, nobby and stylish goods all at BANKRUPT PRICES.

DON'T SPEND A DOLLAR,

Until you visit the always Busy House, Sign of the

**RED FLAG,**

OPPOSITE QUEEN'S HOTEL.

**SOMERVILLE & CO.**

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

**BANKRUPT STOCK!**

BANKRUPT GOODS.

BANKRUPT GOODS.